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In the sixth century before the Christian era, there dwelt a schoolmaster at Athens, who was troubled with a termagant of a wife. Although he was neither the first nor the last of his profession, who have been in the same predicament, one

source of his anxiety was rather singular, and distinguishes him from all teachers and pedagogues who have been tormented with evil spirits in the shape of their better halves, from Socrates down to the Revd. and Mr Frey the converted Jew.

The adventures of this flagellator of children are not to be found in the works of any greek Historian, Philosopher or poet; nor have they been rescued from oblivion by Athenæus or the Scholiasts: but they may be relied on as true - although the limits of our number do not permit us to give an account of the various routes and channels through which it came into our hands.

This poor little fellow, whose name was Hyacinthus, was bandy legged and very pock faced. His only means of subsistence were drawn from teaching a dozen children of poor people to read; by which he picked up a tolerable livelihood. He meddled in nobody's matters but his own; took no concern in the affairs of state, and left mobs and elections and parties to such of his neighbours as found them agreeable. Patriotism was a very fine thing; Codrus had a long pipe stuck clean through his rib for patriotism - but

what was that to him who was only a poor bandy-legged and wry-mouthed school-master. It was no concern of his whether a king or an archon governed the state, provided he could maintain his authority over a dozen little ragamuffins.

Conforming to these principles, he found his circumstances gradually improving, and his comforts multiplying apace; when fate, in an evil hour, prompted him to bring home a smart little Athenian wench, in the shape of a wife. He gave all his scholars a holiday, and was for three days completely happy, in his novel situation. Cyria, this was his wife's name, kept into the closet with mud-pad, and beat the cans with great ease over his head, and he was supremely contented.

But it was an age of experiment, and a season of revolution, conquest and turmoil; and men knew not what a day might bring forth. So it fared with the poor bandy-legged and wry-mouthed schoolmaster. When the festivities and congratulations were over, and he had returned to his daily avocations, he soon began to feel that he was no longer his own master. He had been so

long accustomed to the idiocrasy and selfish ways of old bachelorship, that he did not slip his neck with much facility into the silken noose of Hymen.

But the principal source of his irritation and fear was the prodigality and gadding disposition of his wife, which he discovered very early in his connexion with her. As soon as he dismissed his school and came home, expecting tranquility and pleasure, instead thereof he heard a gabbling noise, which was louder and shriller than the hum of this stubborn and vociferous gang, when he had been contending all day. He found uniformly a collection of idle gossips, talking all manner of strange things about every body in the town; and virtual consuming his substance with no manner of compunction.

He expostulated, at last, with his wife on the dangerous tendency of her conduct and declared she was bringing him to poverty and ruin — She only told him "to mind his school, and was so sour and sulky for a week

afterwards, that the unhappy pedagogue had to make his peace with the most abject entreaties and fawning fondness.

Proud of her triumph, his wife grew worse and worse. He and his little property dwindling away, and his scholars got flogged the heavier for his ill humour. But in the midst of his discontent and wrath, a new storm rose over his head, and vented its fury in a shower of fisticuffs.

Diacrates and Eristratus marched into his school one morning, and began to abuse him with none of the mildest language. They said his wife had spread a most scandalous report about their sister, and he should suffer for it; with this they made no more ado, but cudgelled him until he roared and writhed at their feet, suing most piteously for mercy, to the no small internal delectation of his giggling disciples.

Stung with shame and foaming with revenge, he repaired to the cause of all his miseries; who heard his tale with great composure, and when he had finished, told him he was a cowardly

oneat; and that if he could take no better care of himself, he deserved to be drubbed by every man he met. Her respon-
-ses made the diver rise so vehemently in his gorge, that he could no longer refrain. He resolved to shew his valour and fell sturdily upon her. The smart of his own bruises made him feel no com-
-passion for her shrieks; and in truth he belaboured her in a most unhea-
-then-like manner.

But as cooler reflection came, he began to repent his precipitance, and even made some advances to the sullen Cynia. But she repulsed them all with such profound contempt, that he left his hunt in despair, and wandered about the shelf like a crazy person, till hunger and fatigue drove him back again, singing the following melancholy song.

LAMENT of HIPECOUS.

I was very mumbled and bandy legged
But no man's charity I begged:
I didn't care for Nobody,
Nobody didn't care for me.
None I injured, none I pleased,
None cried ΖΕΥ ΣΩΖΟΙ when I sneezed.

I fell into a vagary
And took a woman five feet high;
For three days and nights, pro die,
No one was so blest as I.
She was kind and I was pleas'd,
She cried Ζεῦ Σῶ ζῶν when I sneez'd.

But prettily yarn is spun by fate
And this I found and rued too late -
I us'd to whip but now 'tis whipt
And my halter can't be slipt
Unless a hempen cord I tie,
Ζεῦ Σῶ ζῶν sing, and swing, and die!

When the unhappy pedagogue arri:
:ved at his house again, he found the eter:
:nal gossips in full divan, who immediate:
:ly opened the floodgates of their indigna:
:tion upon him calling him all the vile
names they could think of, and prepared
to resist tooth and nail, the violated
laws of gynecocracy. Like a baited bull,
driven to despair, he turned upon them
foaming with irritation and drove them
all out of doors; and then returned to en:
:joy for the evening the company of his
amiable partner.

The Gossips took their revenge. They
circulated his story with such rapidity,
that he met a universal grin on the

countenances of those whom he encountered next day, and of the sweet humour with which he went to his school and found objects on which to vent itself there is no conjecturing the extent of the consequences. But his disciples were not there, and they came no more. Their fathers said they did not choose to have their children beaten by such a coward and fellow; and if he could not make his own wife keep her tongue, he was not fit to govern the future soldiers of the state.

In this predicament the poor philosopher came to a sudden resolution which he immediately prepared to carry into effect. Without saying a word to his wife, he made a small parcel of his most valuable goods; put into his pocket all the money he could muster, and in the dusk departed from Athens, leaving as a legacy his imprecations on the whole town in general and on his wife in particular. He determined to make a pilgrimage to Delphos; to consult the oracle on the proper mode of managing an obstreperous wife.

On this wise expedition he set-out with much secret satisfaction at the brilliance of the idea he had struck out. His poverty was his protection on the journey; and the casual gratuities of travelling merchants enabled him to reach the country of the Brissans with a considerable fund, for a school-master.

This people were then pursuing that nefarious system of depredation which afterwards carried them on to commit sacrilege and plunder with indiscriminating rapine; and which drew on them in the end the vengeance of the Amphictyons and with it the total extermination of their race.

When our traveller arrived at the city of Crissa, he was seized by Lestrigonian at the gate of the town; and hurried immediately to the Custom House, where the officers exacted duties from every pilgrim to the temple of Apollo, and fleeced all the merchants who went there in the way of traffic.

After the chief Telones or tax gatherer had examined a great many

other strangers from different parts of the Peloponnesus, Hippocrens was carried before him. The Myrmidons of office stripped him to the skin, but all the reward of their labours and contents of his pockets, were a few small coins, some old parchment, a stylo, and sundry other equally valuable articles: while his wallet contained only a few figs and a change of ragged apparel.

The Farmer of this iniquitous branch of the Expedient revenue, then demanded of the traveller, who he was, whence he came from, and what he was going after? to which Hippocrens made answer that he was a pedagogue; that he came from Athens; and that he was going to consult the oracle, how to manage his wife. "Indeed" cried Sylagog, which was the Publicans name, "I must have some further conversation with you, if that be the case". So saying, he commanded all the poor mans goods and chattels to be restored to him, and entrusting the business of his office to deputies, he and our schoolmaster followed him.

He led him to his own palace,

one of the most sumptuous of that day, and after hearing all the particulars of his story, thus addressed him.

"Honest Hippesarus, thy lot and mine are cast in different moulds; but the bulk of our misfortune is nearly equal, or, if any difference there be, the advantage is in thy favour. You are as poor as any ghost that pays Charon his only obolus for a passage to hell; bandy legged, crook backed, unnumbered and bald as Thersites - and to crown all, you are a schoolmaster; which I take to be as vile a combination of moral with physical evil, as the Destinies can weave in their many colored looms. Without offence I hope I may add, that by your own account, you have none of the stoutest hearts, and none of the brightest brains.

"I am immensely rich and can buy and sell half the people in the place. To tell you the truth I have not much bowels; and it is not to the tenderness of my conscience, but to the singularity of your story, that you are indebted for the restitution of your miserable pittance. For this virtue of mine, at least

Indeed it is deemed by my country men they have erected my Statue in the Market place; and though the sculptor has not flattered me, it is a very respectable statue."

What Lyllagog further said, will be detailed, with the subsequent adventures of Hippocrene, hereafter.

S.